



"I delivered the poor that cried, and the fatherless, and him that had none to help him."—JOB XXIX: 12.

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I would if I could

I would if I could, though much it is in use, is but a fallacious and sluggish excuse; And tries a person who would if he could. Is often heard saying, "I would if I could."

"Come, John," said a schoolboy, "I wish you would try To solve this hard problem; now don't you deny?"

But John, at this moment, was not in the mood; And yawningly answered, "I would if I could."

At the door of a mansion, in tattered rags clad, Stood a poor woman, begging a morsel of bread; The rich man scarce heeded, while trembling she stood, And answered her coldly, "I would if I could."

The scholar, receiving his teacher's advice; The swearer admonished to shun such a vice; The child, when requested to try and be good; Or gives the same answer, "I would if I could."

But if we could with what good people say, That where a strong will is, there's always a way;

And whatever ought to be, can be and should— We need never utter, "I would if I could."

[Advocate.]

Mission Schools

We have frequently referred in our paper to the increasing interest in our city in the Sunday School work, and have heretofore given an account of the zeal and energy put forth by our citizens in this glorious good cause in different districts. One of the most promising of these enterprises at the present time is the Railroad Mission Sunday School, located near the corner of Griswold and Van Buren streets, South Side. The school was first organized by its present Superintendent, Rev. B. Kent, in the cars at the Michigan Southern depot. It kept increasing in numbers until several cars were required to accommodate those in attendance. About six years ago the teachers erected a building 32 by 60, which the school now occupies, and which has been crowded to overflowing all summer. Last Sabbath afternoon the corner stone of a new building was laid with appropriate exercises. The new building is to be of brick, 60 by 101 feet—more than treble the size of the one they now occupy.

The school has over nine hundred scholars in connection with it, with an average attendance of about five hundred, and is continually increasing in attendance and interest. Mr. Kent, the Superintendent, has manifested the deepest interest in the school and those connected with it since its organization and has been constant and untiring in his efforts for its prosperity and ad-

vancement. FATHER KENT, as many in connection with the school call him, will long be loved and remembered by those who have already grown from childhood to manhood and womanhood under his parental care in the Sabbath School, many of whom rejoice in the love of our blessed Lord and Savior, and give evidence by their warm hearts and noble deeds of their devotion and attachment to his cause.

The Superintendent is assisted by a faithful and devoted band of workers in the labors connected with the enterprise. Prayer, faith and work—instant in season and out of season in everything that need be done to advance the interest of the Redeemer's cause, seems to be the element of success and the motto of all in connection with the school. Beside the Sabbath Schools especially held every Sunday afternoon at half past three, there is in connection with the Mission meetings on Sunday, Tuesday and Friday evenings, which are well attended, exceedingly interesting, and productive of great good.

One very noticeable feature in the school is the colored department, there being an average attendance of about one hundred colored children. They manifest a deep interest in the school, and quite a number of them are equal with any of the children in connection with the school in their capacity to commit verses to memory and retain the instruction given them.

The school is conducted under very great disadvantages at present, owing to the crowded state of the room; but when their new building is completed they will have plenty of room and full scope for the exercise of their powers in the Mission Sunday School work.

When ignorance and crime have reached their full strength they become a giant to be contended with. Events have proved that fighting is a game which other parties than soldiers can play at. Government by bayonets is as uncertain as it is expensive, and the world is learning to its cost, that the Bible, while the cheapest, is, in every way, the best instrument of government. It teaches a man how to bear his wrongs till he finds a right way to remedy them. It teaches the slave how to break his chain without breaking it on the head of his oppressor, and that he ceases to be a slave not to become a despot, but to be a man among men.—Guthrie.

I'm seeing if Mamma won't ever come.

Yesterday, while dispensing smiles and words of comfort among our hundred little ones, we found a small boy standing by the window and gazing with tearful eyes through the lattice. "Jimmie, for whom are you looking?" we asked. "I'm seeing if mamma won't ever come," he sadly replied. It was but two days before that Jimmie had seen and heard with heavy heart, the cold sods fall upon his mother's coffin, and returned to his desolate home to find the light of the house gone out. But the strength of affection binding him to her loving heart had inspired him with a firm presentiment that by a resurrection, or some other means possible to an orphan's God, she would come back to him again. We told him that his mother was with God, and could not come back to him; but that if he was good God would send an angel to take care of him. But still he gazed through warm, tearful eyes, as if he saw spiritual visions that we could not see, and still insisted that "mamma would soon come back". And then we forgot our theology and fell to musing: "After all, will not he who promises 'when thy father and thy mother forsake thee then the Lord will take thee up,' will not he send back the spirit of that sainted mother to comfort and counsel her lonely boy? And will not the longing of his heart be reckoned as prayer to be answered just in this way? Else how will God make his promise good to this little sorrowful, bleeding heart? It must be comforted, it must be guided and guarded as well as fed and clothed. And who of all the busy world will turn aside to do this for stricken childhood? Then we again recur to the precious promises of God to such, and were curious as well as anxious to see what would come of the matter, as related to our little waiting, weeping, trusting orphan boy." And we waited but a night, for "joy came in the morning" to our little boy, and light to our abiding spirit.

A mother whose little one of nearly the same age had recently been taken from her, came to find a little motherless boy to take the place in her heart and home made vacant by her lost one. And she thought she saw in our little tearful boy just what she wanted, and took him. Now who can tell but that while this stricken mother cares so tenderly for our orphan boy, that other mother in heaven will care still more tenderly for

the other little one who has gone from its mother to that happier clime?

The Injustice of the court of Justice.

Some time since we saw a lad arraigned before the Police Court on a charge of theft. It was plainly proven; indeed, the sad, tearful boy, if left to his own feelings, would have confessed it. And yet his father stood by with counsel, endeavoring to keep back the facts in the case. But in spite of this he was proven guilty and punished. And our most painful musing upon the subject was this: "The father is most guilty, for he it is who first taught his little beggar boy to deceive, to pilfer, and finally to enter upon a course of theft." We have often known the little fellow to be whipped for his poor success in begging and stealing. He was trained to this dreadful trade from early childhood. Then where is the justice in punishing the boy who has less sinned than been sinned against? He is but a boy, scarcely too old to be petted on his mother's lap. (Ah! but he had no mother, nor has he had since he was but three years old, and this fact may be the cause of his sad condition now.)—He is so small that his head just reached to the top of the bar. His tears melt the judge, who wishes that the law could be set aside as unjust in its application here. This poor uneducated, motherless boy may have stolen, but where is the guilt; for his cruel father compelled him to steal. He is a representative of some thousands of children on our streets who never go to school. The law secures them no education, no protection against the monstrous exactions of their parents till old enough to violate it, and then punishes them for that which they were taught and compelled to do! Scotland has a splendid law which meets such cases. It allows a jury to return a verdict according to moral right in the case. In such cases as this before us the verdict rendered would be, "Proven, but not guilty."

RAILROAD MISSION SABBATH SCHOOLS.—Until recently we believe that this kind of instruction has been peculiar to Chicago. Here several years ago a group of neglected children were gathered into a car at the Rock Island depot and taught from Sabbath to Sabbath. The number rapidly increased until two cars were required, then three, and so on till seven were filled. Then

a mission house was built for their accommodation. But this long since became too small, and now, as will be seen in another column, it is in turn to give place to a fine large chapel, sufficiently spacious to accommodate nearly one thousand, which we predict will early be filled. But our object in alluding to the matter was to say that our friends at Aurora have taken a hint from this enterprise and have recently opened a Mission Sabbath School in a railroad car kindly furnished by the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy road. We understand that having filled two cars, they too have removed to more spacious quarters. Dr. Woodworth, the enthusiastic Superintendent, writes us that the enterprise has awakened so much interest in that community that it has led to a missionary organization with the object of carrying the gospel to those old and young, who neglect the ordinary means of grace.

Home Record.

F. comes to us today for a refugee. One of our visitors finds him wandering about in search of some one to befriend him. He has a father and a mother, and they have a house, but all this does not constitute a home, while affection and tenderness are lacking.—We learn that the mother has no heart, and the father admits to us that he has many times beaten poor little F. for refusing to say that he was kindly treated at home. The earth will as soon shoot away from its orbit and the attraction of the sun, as will little boy run away from a home of love.—Poor F. comes to-day a victim of cruel seduction and asks a hiding place, for herself and little one from the frown of the mother who do not dream upon her spoiler. Her patience awakened our pity, and from him who enjoyed forgiveness seventy and seven times, we have learned to forgive at least once.—To-day five little boys are brought by the police; their mother was buried yesterday, and their father is in the army; two most weighty reasons for relieving them. How strange it is that from five little helpless children, baby and all, God should take away their only protector, and chill by the hand of death the only heart that loved them. "Even so, Father, for so it seemed good in thy sight." It may be that God's design in leaving those children friendless was that their loneliness might awaken other sympathies and move other hearts to love and pity them. Indeed, we almost saw the finger of God in the matter, when two days later, a lady from the country draped in mourning, came to the Home to quest of some loving little baby boy, to fill the rift in her bleeding heart, made desolate by the death of her only little one.—Poor E. died to-day, and seemed glad to go from a world from which she had received little but cruelty and wrong. The world could not say that she owed it much. Her affections were divided between her little babe of two weeks, and a Friend of Sinners whom she hoped to meet in peace, on the other side of the river of death. She had but two requests: "Let some one be called to point me to the better land," and "find some one to love my baby with a mother's heart."—Here comes three little boys and their sister, of whom we know nothing except that they are without a friend and need one. S. says that papa was drunk and is in jail, which is very probable, for the dram-

shop-stands opposite the jail, and the one is built as the receptacle of the victims of the other.—Of the nearly thirty who have gone out from the Home during the month we will speak of but two little laughing, happy boys, who have seen days of sorrow bitter enough, but have forgotten them all now. The wounds in such little hearts seem to heal as quickly as the incision in the bark of a sapling. Months ago, they were found, one cold winter morning, in a wretched hotel, standing by the side of their dead mother. Formerly a woman of refinement and very beautiful, she had contracted the habit of fashionable wine drinking, which by degrees had become excessive and made her a sot. She had been intoxicated for two days and in that condition came to her dreadful end. Father and mother forsook the little ones and the Lord took them up.

I am too Little.

Those words reached the ears of Mrs. Wilson as she came into the parlor one day. She found her three children seated on the sofa—Anna, the eldest, trying to amuse her younger brother and sister.

She had been telling them a story in her own wise way, of some good little girl who was a great help to her mother, and was showing the example of this excellent child for the benefit of Ella, when their mother entered the room.

"Too little for what?" asked Mrs. Wilson.

"I was telling her," said Anna, "the story of Katy Lee, that you told me, and when I said she must be good and do as Katy Lee did, she told me she was too little."

"Little girls of four years are rather small," said Mrs. Wilson, "but my Ella does not too little to be good, I hope."

"But Katie was older than I, I am sure; I can't do such things as she can," said Ella.

"What things do you mean?" asked mamma.

"Why, bring in the milk picher; I'm afraid I'll spill the milk, and then Susan would say, 'oh, you are a little plump.'"

Mrs. Wilson smiled, for Ella was called a plump little fellow.

"If you could not bring the milk picher, darling, you could be useful in other ways," she said.

"Oh, yes, I can, I can, I'm too little," persisted Ella.

Mrs. Wilson sat down and took the child upon her lap.

"Now listen to me; you can pick up any ball when it rolls on the carpet, and get papa's slippers, and fetch me a book or my work basket, can't you?"

"Well, then, you are too small to be useful?"

"Why, is that being useful? I thought it meant real great things," said Ella, opening her great blue eyes in astonishment.

"It means that older girls are to do great things, and little girls are to do little things."

"I see, mamma."

"You are a little girl now, and so your Heavenly Father only wishes you to do little things, but then my darling must try to do them willingly and pleasantly."

"I do try, mamma."

"You should always be ready to do

what mamma asks at once, and not say 'I'm tired,' or any such word, because though you are only four years old, you are not too little to be sometimes useful."—[Merry's Magazine.]

"A babe in a house is a wellspring of pleasure, a messenger of peace and love;—A resting place for innocence on earth; a link between angels and men."

Character growth day by day, and all things add in its unfolding.

Scratch the green rind of a sapling, or wantonly twist it in the soil.

And the seared and crooked oak will tell of these centuries to come.

Even so must thou guide the mind to good or lead it to the marriage of evil.

"If I could only see my Mother!"

"If I could only see my mother!" Again and again was that yearning cry repeated.

"If I could only see my mother!"

The vessel rocked, and the waters, chased by a fresh wind, played musically against the side of the ship. The sailor, a second mate, quiet, youthful, lay in his bed, his eye glazing, his limbs stiffening, his breath failing. It was not pleasant thus to die in this shuddering, plunging ship, but he seemed not to mind his bodily comfort; his eye looked far away, and ever and anon broke the grieving cry.

"If I could only see my mother!"

An old sailor sat by, with a Bible in his hand, from which he had been reading. He bent above the young man, and asked him why he was so anxious to see the mother he had so wilfully abandoned.

"Oh, that's the reason," he cried in anguish.

"A very good reason," responded the sailor.

"I have nearly broken her heart and I can't die in peace. She was a good mother to me. Oh, so good a mother she bore everything from her wild boy, and once she said, 'My son, when you come to die you will remember this.'—Oh, if I could only once more see my mother!"

He never saw his mother. He died with that cry upon his lips, as many a one has died who has slighted the mother who loved him.

I'll do to-morrow.—There were two boys in a school I used to go to.—One was remarkable for doing at once with promptness and perseverance anything he undertook. The other had a habit of putting off everything that he could.

"I'll do to-morrow," was his motto.—"I'll do it now," was the motto of the other boy.

As a matter of course the last succeeded where the other failed.—[S. S. Times.]

ABANDONMENT OF BEGGARS.—Beggings is a trade in which those who follow it become adept by practice, as in other professions. A few days since a little beggar demonstrated the possibility, and the method of "skinning a flint," as follows: his subject was a meagre, vinegar-looking old lady. The little rogue, without shoes or cap, but with a pair of bright eyes beaming out of hollow sockets, approached her with a most pitiable look and whine, and begged of her a penny, or a bit to eat.—But he might as well have spoken to a stone. Her response was a snarl and a

poke of her umbrella. Seeing at a glance that he had approached at an invulnerable point, he went off on another tack. Now he addressed her selfishness. In an instant rolling up the sleeve of his ragged jacket and sticking his yellow, shiny arm in her face, he edged close up to the old woman, saying, "Out of the hospital, ma'am, with typhus." It was a ruse gotten up for the occasion, but the acting was perfect, the effect sudden, electric. The poor woman started back with horror, as if a plague-stricken wretch were breathing death in her nostrils. At one dive, her hand was deep in her pocket, and pulling out what of coin she first reached, she threw it into his hand and hurried away, glad to get the little assailant from between the wind and herself. Now this adroitness, by and by rendered more keen, will be employed in picking pockets, locks, robbing houses, and men. And after a short career, he will probably be caught, convicted, condemned and sent to prison, and there like a caged bird, be shut up for years within stone walls. And who then will be to blame, if now society stands carelessly by and sees the little beggar pursue a course certain to end in crime and ruin.

Visitors' Journal.

This morning we found a family in a miserable hotel and very poor. The mother had pawned nearly all her clothes for bread for her children, and "wondered what she should do next." We reminded her that a pious Father in Heaven had told us what to do when driven to such extremities. "Give us this day our daily bread." "It feeds the ravens when they call and the young lions do not in vain seek their meat from God, will he not care tenderly for your fatherless children when they cry?" Now we found a sick mother and in tears. At first we wondered why the mother of four such beautiful boys should weep. Then we thought of Hagar in the wilderness, weeping over her maaly boy; not because he was hers, but because she must see him die of hunger and thirst. So this sick mother wept, not because she had four lovely boys, but because she had no bread for them, and no health or strength with which to earn it; and because high rents and a cold winter, and wood at eight dollars a cord strated her in the face.—Found in a street an interesting woman, who although educated a Catholic, thought a Bible a very good thing in the house and wanted one for her husband.—Near this we found a family very poor. You can hardly imagine how poor. They begged for food and fuel; they were suffering for both; but we soon discovered that the demon intemperance had robbed them of more than enough to supply every want. But what had these poor little children done that demon shops should snatch the bread from their mouths? Next door was a family of strangers in the city. And the city for strangers is more lonely than the solitude of the desert. They were poor and sick, and strangers—a triple combination of facts which made their condition distressing, and their prospects sad enough. The father and one child were sick, and the mother had been vainly endeavoring to support the family. When asked how well she succeeded in her efforts, irrepressible tears were her eloquent reply.—We endeavor to find out the homes and the

condition of the numerous beggar children whom we meet, and have come to the conclusion that it is an unnecessary, as well as a most ruinous profession. —We are made most welcome to the humble homes of the freedmen. They seem to regard us as their best friends, and their poor and friendless condition are most grateful for all that we do for them. Our sewing school for their women and girls is largely attended, and most of them make rapid improvement.

Autumn.

Lo! the summer's work is done,
And her flowers droop one by one;
All their life and beauty laid,
Sighing, say we, "They are dead."

Autumn! glory of the year!
Every change and tint how dear!
Shine or tempest, grey or gold,
All the Love Divine unfold.

The silver mists that fringe the hills,
Purpling there the her of hill,
Filling crimson clouds on high,
The glory of an autumn sky.

Break again in awful blast,
Lash the forest, bow the mast,
Yet controlled by Him who said,
"Here shall thy proud waves be staid."

Souls, O Father, thou, are thine!
Hark their tempests make them shine,
With the glory of thy face,
Fit them for thy holier place.

THE HUMMING-BIRD'S NEST.—Captain Lyon of the British navy relates that in Africa he once watched a humming-bird, whose young lay in her nest, building a rim around it to keep them from falling out. A few days later he observed the same thing repeated. An additional story was raised to protect her growing brood. And so from time to time she built up her shallow nest to a vase-like house for her fledglings, strong enough to venture out and try their wings.

Wonderful instinct! and how like the design and culture of a truly Christian home. The parents are prayerfully to avoid restraining, saving influences to the age and capacity, building around the young hearts moral barriers, and keeping them within its warm enclosure till they may be trusted amid the perils of the cold and sinful world about them.

To train the spirit's wing for its flight beyond the stars is the end of all parental responsibility, and that without which it has in the highest sense become an awful failure. The home, when true to its design, how near to glory! when impure, irreligious, how near the gates of death eternal! — *Am. Messenger.*

THE BRIGHT PENNY.—Lizzie's grandpa gave her a penny. It was bright and new, and Lizzie thought it was very beautiful. She kept it wrapped in a piece of soft paper, that it might stay bright. Very often she would unfold the paper to look at the penny, and ask if it was not a beautiful one.

After some time Lizzie earned another penny. So she had two. One day she wished to spend one of them for a slate-pencil. So she took the penny from her pocket, saying, "Mamma, I don't want to buy a pencil with the bright, new penny, but with the other. I want to put the brightest into the missionary box." So the pencil was bought, and by and by the bright, new penny was given to send good reading to the soldiers.

Is not this the right way? Give the

best you have to the Lord. We have nothing too good or too beautiful to give him. Best of all, children, you can give him your bright, young hearts. — *Am. Messenger.*

A HAPPY COMPANY.—"These are which came out of great tribulation and washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. Therefore are they before the throne of God, and serve him night and day in his temple; and he that sitteth on the throne shall dwell among them. They shall hunger no more, neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat. For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of water; and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes." But you need not turn an envious eye towards that holy, happy throng, for they are invited to walk in their footsteps, and by and by, when life is over, partake of their joys.

DOUBTS DISSOLVED.—"God might have told me—I wish he had—whether, after this short life is over, I am to live forever." The Bible says he has told you. "I hope it is so, for annihilation always seemed to me a dreadful dark doctrine."
"I have never been very happy in this world, but am craving that which I want and have not. Now if God is infinitely good, why does he not give, or at least, promise me a home in shining country, where there is no night, and no sorrow or sadness; and where untold joys will never grow less, and my increase." The Bible says he offers you all this.

NO REASON FOR COMPLAINT.—"The God of Peace commands me to live peaceably with all men; promises that if I will do so I shall be called a child of God, and that I may reach the land of peace. It will not hurt me if I try to obey."

A God of purity commands me to abstain from gluttony and all sensual indulgences, and I need not complain of him, for I well enough know that in the keeping of that command there is great reward.

When God commands me to deal my bread to the hungry, I will not complain of him, for I have already found that it is more blessed to give than to receive.

There is no unkindness in God's invitation to me, to think of a beautiful habitation above the stars, where tears never fall and death never enters.

If the man of Nazareth came to bear my sins and to carry my sorrows on the cross, that I might be saved from both, I cannot deny that he was very kind even though I should refuse the proffered good.

"Children are pledges for good conduct—loosings which men give the State. Like a vessel which owes her safety to her moorings, many parents owe their virtue to the affections which bind them to their children."

GOOD LUCK.—Some young men talk about luck. Good luck is to get up at six o'clock in the morning; good luck, if you have only a shilling a week, is to live upon eleven pence and save a penny; good luck is to fulfill the commandments, and to do unto other people as we wish them to do unto us. To get on in the world they must avoid temptations, and have faith in God.

TRYING AND PRAYING.

"I'm sure I never can be good, And so there's no use trying; When Peter calls me naughty names I cannot help replying."

"I've tried and tried—how oft I've tried I'm sure I can't remember; Since my birthday I've tried, I know, And that was in December."

"I'm sure I don't know what to do—"
"What is my darling saying?
How can a little girl be good,
Who never thinks of praying?"

"How could dear baby brother laugh If I were not beside him?
He might be trying, but, you know,
He needs a hand to guide him."

"Kneel down, my child, kneel humble down,
Bow thy young heart in meekness
To him who with a father's love,
Can pity all thy weakness."

"Ask for his spirit in thy heart,
To help each weak endeavor;
Ask him 'mid snares and sins and fears,
To be thy strength forever."

NOTHING TO THANK GOD FOR.

A little girl did not want to pray when she retired to rest. I do not like to tell you her true name, so I will call her Helen.

"I have you nothing to thank God for?" asked her mother.

"No," said Helen, "you and papa give me everything."

"Not for your pleasant home?" asked her mother.

"It is my papa's house; he lets me live in it."

"Where did the wood come from to build it?" asked her mother.

"From trees," answered Helen, "and they grew in big forests."

"Who planned the big forests? Who gave rain to enter them? Who gave the sun to warm them? Who did not allow the winter to kill them, or the lightning to blast them? Who kept them growing from little trees big enough to build houses with?"

"Not papa, and neither was it God," Helen looked her mother in the eye, and then said,

"Papa bought nails to make it with."

"What are nails made of?" asked mamma.

"Iron," answered Helen, "and men dig it out of the ground."

"Who put iron in the ground, and kept it there safe till the men wanted it?" asked the mother. "It was God."

"We got this carpet from carpet men," said Helen, drawing her small, fat foot across it.

"Where did the carpet men get wool to make it from?" asked her mother.

"From farmers," answered Helen.

"And where did the farmers get it?"

"From sheep and lambs' backs," said the little girl.

"And who clothed the lambs in dresses good enough for us for your dress, I see, is made of nothing but lambs' wool. The best thing we can get is their cast-off dresses. Where did the lambs get such good stuff?"

"God gave it them, I suppose," said the little girl.

"It is you that gives me bread, mother," said she quickly.

"But," said her mother, "the flour we got from the store, and the store bought it from the miller, and the miller took the wheat from the farmer, and the farmer had it from the ground; did the ground grow it all itself?"

"No," cried Helen suddenly, "God grew it. The sun and the rain, the wind and the air are His, and He sent them to the cornfield. The earth is His, too. And so God is at the bottom of everything; isn't He?"

"Yes," said mother; "God is the origin of every good and perfect gift of which we enjoy." The little girl looked serious; she said at last, "I can't make a prayer long enough to thank God for everything."

"And have you nothing to ask His forgiveness for?" asked the little girl's mother.

"Yes," she said in a low tone, "for not feeling grateful, and for trying to put him out of my thoughts."

Helen never after that refused to pray.

LITTLE MARY'S BIRTHDAY.

"Here I am eight years old to-day. How old I said I did not like to leave my seventh year, so I told my teacher yesterday that I was seven years and twelve months; and she put her hand on my head, and whispered so lovingly, 'Quite old enough, Mary, to be very good!'"

Dear teacher! I wanted to tell her that I would be eight years old to-day, and I would try to do right now; but she moved away, and I was afraid to go after her.

Eight years! I got up this morning and looked in the glass to see if I was still little Mary, but my face was just as it was yesterday. I did not look one moment older, and I am sure I did not know any wiser. I was not taller, for I stood on tip-toe, and my chin just reached the frame of the picture hanging so low in my little room. I was just so high yesterday. Then I thought, and I know God gave me these thoughts, that I was quite old enough to be a very good, and the "dear Father" was waiting for me to say that I would be "His little girl," now that I am eight years old.

My Bible was not very near, for I did not read it much when I was seven years old; but I looked among my treasure-books on my shelves, and I found the Holy Bible, with a mark in it, which my mother gave me. The book-mark lay close upon these words:

"Wise yet know that I must be about my Father's business?"

I thought God was speaking to me then, so I looked down and I knew I heard Him say, "Mary, you are old enough to pray." So I knelt beside my bed and clasped my hands, as mother taught me, and oh! the little room grew very still. I could have heard an angel's foot, I know, if only the angels had drawn near. My words were only such as a little child could speak. I could not talk beautifully, like papa, when he prays; but I said just what I thought, and I knew God heard me when I said, "Dear Father, help me to be very good, now that I am eight years old."

I sat here after my prayer, and I am very happy. I do not know where I shall be this long year; but I will be God's little girl, and He will care for me, so that I am safe anywhere.

But dear mother does not know my resolve on this birthday. I must run and tell her, for it will make her happy, too.

—*Mother's Little Friend—Christian Inquirer.*

THE THREE STEPS.—"Oh, mamma!" cried little Blanche Philpott, "I heard such a tale of Edith Howard. I did not think she could have been so naughty. One day—"

"My dear," interrupted Mrs. Philpott, "before you continue we will see if your story will pass the three tests."

"What does that mean, mamma?" said Blanche.

"It will explain it, dear. In the first place, is it true?"

"I suppose so, mamma. I heard it from Miss Perry, who said a friend of Miss White's told her the story; and Miss White is a great friend of Edith's."

"And does she show her friendship by telling tales of her?" In the next place, though you cannot prove it true, is it kind?"

"I did not mean to be unkind, mamma, but I am afraid I was. I should not like Edith to speak of me as I have spoken of her."

"And is it necessary?"

"No, of course, mamma; there was no need for me to say all."

"Then, dear Blanche, pray that your tongue may be governed, and that you may not indulge in evil speaking, and strive more and more to imitate the meekness of your Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ."

51 & 53 ^aSalle Street, Chicago.